

# Baby, It's Cold Outside

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Summary: It's cold outside, and Corny doesn't want Amber to go.

## Baby, It's Cold Outside

This story is incredibly corny (no pun intended) and I basically just love this song and wanted to write it. The song is "Baby, It's Cold Outside"...sung by lots of different people. Anyway, I'm trying to get into the Christmas spirit, so I'm hoping this will help!

\* \* \*

><p><em>I really can't stay, I've got to go away <em>

\_This evening has been so very nice

> I'll hold your hands, they're cold as ice<em>

"Just stay." His fingers slipped around her waist, pulling her into his embrace. She groaned softly, tilting her head up, allowing him to place a few gentle kisses along the soft incline between her shoulder and neck. His lips tickled her skin, and she felt her cheeks blushing pink, then scrunched her face up, looking at him, her blonde eyebrows arching in playful criticism.

"You know I can't," she chastised him softly, studying him with eyes the color of ice.

"You can," he answered her softly, stroking his thumbs down her soft cheek, "You just have to say the words, that's all." An easy grin spread over his face, and she appraised him, shaking her head before pulling out of his embrace and letting her feet carry her across the room, shrugging her coat on. His strong hands were on her shoulders, massaging the muscles even through the faux fur.

"My mother would go ballistic," she turned, looking up at him. "You know it. She doesn't even know we're seeing each other. If she found

out that we were, and that we were alone in your house on top of that fact, she'd have me sent to some Catholic reform school." She pursed her lips lightly, watching him. He let one hand stroke her loose blonde curls, smiling down at her.

"You'd look cute in one of those school girl outfits," he nodded, his lips gently brushing against hers. She let herself sigh into his kiss, wanting nothing more than to stay in his embrace, but took a step back, regarding him warmly.

"Corny, I'd love to stay. Really, I would, and we could act out all these little fantasies," she grinned at him, "but I really have to go."

\_I wish I knew how to break this spell  
> I ought to say no, no, no, sir <em>

"Wait," he nearly whined the word, catching her gently by the wrist as she began towards the front door, turning her until she was in his arms again. He held her closer, still watching her. "You can't get a cab at this hour. It's almost-" he glanced at his watch, "Three in the morning, Amber. There's no one out right now."

She tilted her head at him.

"Then drive me." A tight, teasing smile pressed across her lips, and she took his hands in hers, holding them. "You're not going to drive me home, are you?"

He stood smirking at her, and she sighed.

"That would only be aiding your departure, and, as you can see, I'm trying to prolong it as best I can." He hooked his hands into the pockets of her coat, pulling her against him. His lips traced her skin again. "So, no, I don't want to drive you home."

"Then I'll walk," she smirked wildly at him.

\_At least I'm gonna say that I tried \_

\_I really can't stay \_

\_Baby it's cold outside\_

"You're on Christmas break; you don't have school tomorrow," he said the words pointedly, attempting to push the coat from her shoulders. "I could bring you home in the morning, before your mother even leaves for the studio. You could just stay here." His words were like music, and Amber was the sole dancer. "Just stay with me, Amber. It's cold. You'll freeze out there, and I don't want you walking alone so late at night." He pulled her to his chest, standing with her in the quiet of his living room.

She wanted to stay; she did. God, she couldn't think of anything she would have liked more than to spend an evening in his arms, both of them beneath a huge, warm blanket on the couch, cuddled up in front of the crackling fireplace. Still, she knew better. She knew that his neighbors would be suspicious if, by chance, they happened to see Amber Von Tussle leaving Corny Collins' house at such an ungodly hour in the morning. Her mother would certainly find out, and

then the other council members.

"Corny, I \_can't\_!" A hint of whine was creeping into her voice, and she could feel herself turning into \_that\_ Amber; the one that danced on his show. She pressed her hands against her hips, steadying herself. "Babe, I can't. I'd \_love\_ to, but-

"But what?" He asked her quizzically, letting his lips brush her cheek, his breath tickle her ear. "Wouldn't it be nice to wake up here? Don't say you haven't thought about that before, Amber."

\_My mother will be suspicious \_

\_Gosh your lips look delicious\_

She \_had\_ thought about it before, in fact, and had grown quite fond of the idea. The thought of waking up in the morning, still in his arms as light streamed through the windows, it gave her chills. She pressed her lips against his one last time.

"You know I'd love to," she nodded lightly, her eyes telephoning her desire for him, "I really would; more than anything, butâ€¦" she pressed her lips together, "What would people think?"

He smirked at her.

"They would thinkâ€¦what on earth did that man do to deserve such a beautiful, perfect girlfriend?" He complemented each word with a kiss. She felt a smile pulling across her lips, and ran her fingers over the back of his head, pulling him in for another kiss.

"But that would put an end to this little faÃ§ade we put on for everyone, wouldn't it?" She scrunched her forehead at him, "Imagine if the general public discovered that Corny Collins and Amber Von Tussle don't actually \_hate\_ each other," she smirked playfully, "Our public would be devastated, don't you think?"

"Hmm, maybe," he answered her after a moment, "but, if you don't leave, who's ever going to know?"

\_I've got to go home \_

\_Say, lend me your coat  
> There's bound to be talk tomorrow <em>

\_At least there will be plenty implied  
> I really can't stay<em>

He had a point, and she knew it. He always had a point. Still, this was something she'd never done before, and she had a feeling that if she ended up staying tonight, she'd have to throw away that circle pin that she liked to wear to school. It would, of course, be a small price to pay for something so extremely large in return, and she wasn't afraid; she definitely wasn't afraid. She trusted Corny, even more than she trusted her mother, and knew that unless she was the one who initiated some sort of intimate contact between them, he would offer her nothing more than a warm, dry place to sleep: right in his arms.

"I've been here since nineâ€¦" she tried to convince herself, "And

I'll be at the station tomorrow. I'll see you then, okay?" She was clutching the lapels of his shirt, pulling her to him. His hand traced over the small of her back.

"That's so far away from right now, though," he sighed overdramatically, "Almost twelve hours, Amber." He brushed his lips over her ear, and she felt her defenses faltering. She knew that she would give into him. She let him hold her then, because she knew it was useless to fight him. She curled against his chest, and his hands traced over her back before he stepped away, sighing heavily and taking pulling his suit jacket on.

"What are you doing?" She asked, suddenly alarmed. It was just like him to change his mind when she'd started to give into his pleading. He glanced up at her, linking his finger into the ring on his keys.

"Taking you home," he smiled kindly at her, "That's where you want to be, right?"

She stood still for a moment, and let her eyes move toward the window. A thin sheet of ice frosted the window, and a soft white powder had begun to dust the streets, cars, and lawns.

"No," she answered him suddenly, abruptly, before turning to him, her fingers reaching for him as he slipped his arms comfortably around her waist. "This is where I want to be."

He laughed a little, softly, and then moved his hand to brush a strand of blonde hair from her face, holding her as close as their coats would allow them.

"So, all my convincing worked, then?" He smiled down at her.

"Not exactly," she smirked, pushing herself onto her tiptoes to place a gentle kiss on his lips, "I just realized that you were right; it is way too cold out there to leave these warm arms of yours."

Baby it's cold outside

End  
file.